

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS COLL'D WITH CARE."

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NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1806.

NO. 907.

SIR OSWALD PEIRCY.

A FRAGMENT.

"Twas in the salubrious and delightful Canton of Basle, in Switzerland, which the gallant and untaunted Sir Oswald Peirce had arrived at, on his return from making the grand tour of France, Switzerland, and Italy, that a most dreadful and furious storm, attended with loud bursts of thunder, and more constant and vivid lightning, overtook him in the centre of an almost inaccessible forest. The extreme blackness of the storm, with the dingy clouds of night, entirely concealed from his sight, the pale clear beams of the moon, which had till that period been as a beacon to him in his unknown track. He checked his steed, and called aloud for his man Ferdinand; but no answer was made, save the reverberations of his own voice by echo. He called a second and third time; but no other reply was returned. "Alas! (exclaimed Sir Oswald, somewhat amazed,) where is he? whether can he be fled? It almost appears as if fairies or gnomes were our attendants, and that we trod on enchanted ground; for I neither heard or perceived him about myself. I can advance no further; I am weary and tired; and to thy protection, oh, Providence! I will submit my harassed limbs; and in this place will we lodge to night, thou faithful slave, (speaking to his horse,) though the storm continue, and thunders roll, and lightnings flash; for I—" He was here interrupted by the approach of a horse. He immediately called, "Ferdinand!" and was answered by an unknown voice,—"Who travels this way?" Peirce replied, "An unfortunate traveller, who has had the misfortune, owing to the darkness of the night, to lose his way, and will be obliged to any kind stranger, if he can conduct him out of this impervious and almost impassable wood." The stranger replied, "I am truly sorry for your calamity; but it is not the first time travellers have been benighted and lost in the wood. It is, indeed, extremely bewildering to strangers; but I am well acquainted with its inmost recesses, as I live but a couple of miles distant, and am now on my return home from the village beyond the skirts of it, to which place I have been to purchase necessities. I have a bed in which you may repose, if you choose to accept my proffered friendship; but you must excuse the disorder in which you may, perhaps, find my house, as my wife having lately died, things are very different to what they were formerly." "I accept your friendly offer, (exclaimed the noble Sir Oswald,) and will accompany you." Alas! unforeseen consequence! the friendly and apparently good natured stranger, turned out a specious and deceitful villain, and was neither more nor less than leader of a troop of robbers, who had beguiled Sir Oswald's servant previous to his rencontre with the worthy Knight. Sir Oswald advanced with his new guide till within a few yards of what appeared externally a neat little antique cottage. His host alighted, and led the horses into a kind of hovel adjoining the house; and requested Sir Oswald to go in, and refresh

himself. They entered a small room, in which was set out some cold meat of different descriptions. A rarity of this sort in that part of the world surprised Sir Oswald not a little; and his surprise and uneasiness were not much abated, when he perceived a number of horse-pistols, rapiers, and cutlasses, hanging over the chimney-piece, and two or three fowling pieces and muskets standing in one corner, which compelled him to harbour suspicions prejudicial to the advantage of his host; and the conclusion he drew was, that he had been decoyed into a haunt of thieves and robbers. He, however, appeared to eat a very hearty meal of the things which were set before him, his entertainer setting the example. After the repast was finished, Fortunatus (for that was the name of his host) filled him a glass of liquor, which he called *accordeur*; which Sir Oswald took, and was on the point of drinking it off, when he fancied he perceived by the look, some particles of poison in it; and his former unpleasant and suspicious thoughts did but serve to strengthen that idea. His host at that period excused himself for a short time; when in the interim, the Knight's imagination being worked to a high pitch, he snatched the vessel from his lips and emptied the contents of it into the fire, excepting a small quantity of white powder, which seemed, as it were by instinct, clinging to the sides of the glass, to bear evidence to the most diabolical and blackest of crimes. This Sir Oswald supposed to be arsenic, or something similar to that pernicious drug. He washed out the glass with a little water, and set it down, as though he had drank the contents.

His host presently returned, introducing a very ill-favored looking man to the Knight, whom he called his brother Malvolio. Fortunatus inquired how he liked the mixture, as it was a liquor in that country very much esteemed. Peirce replied, "Very well indeed. It is an excellent liquor. Now, if you please to direct me to my portioned couch, I will retire; for I am heartily weary with the fatigue I have encountered."

We must not forget to mention, that in the mean while, when his host was gone out of the room, Sir Oswald took down a brace of pistols, which he found loaded with slugs, and conveyed them under his cloak. His host shewed him up a ladder into a small filthy room, which Sir Oswald ascended with a countenance that betokened no suspicion or dread of the author of his unpleasant reflections. As soon as he had entered the room, the trap-door fell to, which his vile entertainer locked to prevent his retreat. This circumstance created in the gallant Peirce a dreadful apprehension of the ensuing consequences, and determined him (however fatigued) not to slumber whilst danger seemed to stalk, as it were, around his couch, but to keep awake, and listen to a conversation which had commenced on the return of Fortunatus from Sir Oswald's chamber, between himself, Malvolio, and a third person. "Well (began his host) I have had excellent success to night, for I have brought in two prizes besides this fellow, and one has paid the forfeit of his life for his stout re-

sistance: he was near overpowering me, (for I get old and feeble; but I got my hand in his gullet, and then I dispatched him with this poniard." "But what (replied Malvolio) have you done with the other? I would murder him before morning, and send him to bear the other company. Of what sort is he?" "He is a gentleman's servant (rejoined the first) by his appearance, and he has got his portmanteau well stored with linen, cash, and other necessities; and I think he'll prove an acquisition to us in our way of life, if we can bring him over; for he is a stout, sturdy fellow." If he be the man you describe, (replied Angelo,) how came he to let you bring him so quietly?" "He had dismounted, (said Fortunatus;) and in an unguarded moment I seized him, and clapping a pistol to his breast, swore his existence should be the penalty, if he made any noise or resistance; I then gagged and bound him; and now he is safe enough; and should he resist our will, this poniard (taking one from his belt) shall by this hand be plunged into the villain's heart. But let's see if the fellow I shewed to his room be yet dead; for he took the bait laid for him, and said it was excellent liquor, and it was a d—n'd strong dose. How long don't think Barnardine and his party will be, Malvolio? He'll bring something, I'll be bound;—It's a right night for the purpose—as dark as hell." "They cannot be long, (replied Angelo;) for they have been out three or four hours good." "Alas! (exclaimed the gallant Peirce, in a low voice,) fool that I was to be caged thus! And the servant they speak of, is certainly Ferdinand. But to thy guardianship, oh, merciful Providence! I commit myself: sustain me in this hour of trial! He was going forward with his soliloquy, when he was interrupted by the voice of his servant, crying, "Master! oh my dear master! and are you in the same situation with myself?" Sir Oswald was now convinced that Ferdinand was only parted from him by a slight lashed partition. "Ferdinand! (exclaimed he,) I am, indeed in the same horrid situation with myself. But be silent; for one or more of them approach; and do not let them hear us in conversation, nor suspect us master and man. The time draws near, when I hope (by the interposition of Providence) to be able to rescue both thee and myself. I have a stratagem in my head, which, if it fail, is certain to bring us to an immediate and horrid death; and if attended with success, will ensure our safe retreat. But silence they unlock the door." Sir Oswald had, prior to his conversation with his servant, when he understood the black designs of the assassins, rolled the cloaths of the bed into a heap, to resemble a man asleep; and to help the description, hid his helmet and armour by the side of it. At the moment the trap-door opened, Peirce leaped behind the bed with his sword drawn. Fortunatus, the man who had deceived him, entered by himself in the dark, with a poniard in his hand. He spoke to the supposed man; but no answer being returned him, and perceiving no pulsation, concluded he was dead. "But (exclaimed he) for fear the poison has not done its duty, take that!" plunging at the same time, his

poniard thrice into the bed-cloaths. He had turned round to retreat, when the undaunted Peirce advanced from his concealment, and buried his sword deep in the villain's heart. As soon as Sir Oswald was assured of the villain's death, he disguised himself in his apparel, and descended to the other two below, with the brace of pistols under his cloak. "Well old Fortunatus, (exclaimed Malvolio,) hast thou done the deed, or was he dead? Did the poison take effect?" "Ah, (replied Sir Oswald, imitating the voice of Fortunatus,) he's dead, and so shall the other's long; for I find they are master and man." "That's right, old Hearty, (replied both;) let the villain die." "Angelo, (replied Sir Oswald,) go thou, and see if Barnardine and his party approach." As soon as Angelo was retired to execute his commission, Peirce drew forth a pistol, and pointing it at the head of Malvolio, "Now villain, (cried he,) thou art in my power! Fortunatus, thy friend and fellow in iniquity, lies dead by my hand, and soon shalt thou follow him!" He fired, and Malvolio fell uttering the most dreadful imprecations. Sir Oswald then rushed up to where Barnardine lay bound, and released him: then hastening to their horses, they mounted, after having first noted the place sufficiently, in order, at some future time, to exterminate this band of robbers, which Sir Oswald was fully determined to accomplish. The sun began now to decline the distant hills, and being out of the reach of danger, the gaunt Knight and his faithful Ferdinand pursued their journey in peace.

SINGULAR CONVICTIONS.

THE Curate of a village near L—, and one of the Overseers of the Parish, a gentleman farmer, had a dispute respecting some private business, and the Farmer d—d the Clergyman's eyes. For this offence he was brought before the Magistrate and convicted in the penalty of 5s. The Farmer contended, that he was not a gentleman, and that he ought to pay no more than 1s. This objection was overruled, as it appeared that he kept his sporting dogs, and regularly took his wine after dinner. It happened, however, that the Clergyman had omitted reading the Act against profane swearing, &c. at the time stated by law; the Farmer, therefore, returned the compliment, by informing against him, and the Clergyman was obliged to pay the penalty of 5l.

Lond. Pap.

A dull author was compelled, by a recent illness, to cut off his hair and wear a wig.—A few days after, he complained to his physician, "that in taking off his hat his wig awkwardly followed." "Poh! poh! replied the medical adviser, you may nail it on with perfect safety."

Crocodiles.—The Dutch used to keep Crocodiles in the ditches surrounding the city Batavia for the purpose of preventing the soldiers of the garrison from deserting, by swimming across the water.

REMARK.—He that makes himself the common jest of a company, has but just wit enough to be a fool.

SONNETS,

BY DR. PERFECT.

HOPE.

A Myrtle that fell from her breast,
I hastily pluck'd from the ground;
Nor had I one moment of rest,
Till its beautiful owner I found.

Adieu to the regions of gloom,
I cried, to all sorrows adieu!
My Phillida, let me presume
This spring to restore to your view.

Replac'd in her bosom, the spoil
Recover'd its primitive mien;
Like me it reviv'd in her smile,
And soon appear'd gay and serene.
Then I cherish'd fond hope, the first spring of my soul,
And no longer despair did my bosom controul.

DEJECTION.

Expos'd by a passion so pure,
I rose with the loud-singing lark,
In hope of my charmer secure,
Croos'd over the lawn of the park.

The smile of Aurora I hail'd,
But wanted my Phillida's smile,
Ah me! disappointment prevail'd;
In vain were my care and my toil.

Farewell to the daisy-dread'd mead;
Dejection, I fly to thy cell;
For one that's more wealthy decreed,
Is Phillida destin'd, they tell.
Cease, warblers, your sonnets; henceforward be mute,
My muse is dejected, and silent my flute.

JEALOUSY.

I gather'd the violet so blue,
Whose colour spoke peace to my breast;
An emblem of love the most true,
A type of my passion confess'd.

The primrose invited my view;
I lik'd not its features so pale;
Expressive of jealousy too,
I left it to fade in the vale.

Such caution 'twas needless to take,
Since Phillida, faithless—was seen
With Colin last night at the wake,
And danc'd with the swain on the green.
Now Jealousy's poison's diffus'd o'er my breast,
Adieu to the blossoms of comfort and rest.

CONSOLATION.

The flower of Love have ye seen,
Ye shepherds, that welcome the May,
Transcendently beautiful of mien,
When warn'd by the morning's first ray?

So Phillida's smiles to my breast
Contentment and pleasure impart.
The sun was sunk down in the west
When I met with the pride of my heart.

As ling'ring we travers'd the vale,
Consentive her shepherd's she heard;
More sweet than the rose-breathing gale,
Was her voice, when she utter'd the word.
A charming delirium stole over my breast,
As Phillida's hand strew'd the poppies of rest.

CONSUMMATION.

Two roses twin-sisters that grow,
Of turtles a pair from the nest,
Begirt with a ribbon of blue,
The type of our union confess'd:

Dear emblems of conjugal bliss,
That count by Phillida's smile,
And met her couched with a kiss,
Completing a truce to my toil.

rest—ending my gay village band
To church my dear Phillida bore;
With pleasure I gave her my hand;
My heart was her own long before:
And now, gentle Hy-men, your blessings bestow;
The turtles shall bill, and the roses shall blow.

Extracts from Carr's Northern Summer.

As a fast in England always reminds me of a feast, I will just give a brief sketch of a Russian dinner, which is seldom later than 3 o'clock; upon a side-board in the drawing room is always placed a table filled with fish, meats, and sauces salted, pickled, and smoked, bread and butter, and liqueurs; these airy nothings are mere running footmen of the dinner, which is in the following order: a cold dish, generally of salmon or some other fish, precedes, followed by soup, a number of made dishes, a profusion of roast and boiled meats, amongst which the Ukraine beef is distinguishable, and abundance of excellent vegetables; then pastry, and a desert of very fine melons, and sour flavoured wall fruit: the table is covered with a variety of wines, and excellent ale and beer. The master of the house or a cook carves, and slices of every dish are handed round to the guests. One of the most gratifying things that I always saw upon the table, was a large vase of ice broken into small pieces, with which the guest cools his wine and beer. In the yard every Russian house has two large cellars, one warm for winter, and the other filled with ice for the summer. The soup and coffee, and chocolate are frequently iced. One day at dinner, I sat by a lovely Russian lady, that is, born in Russia but of German parents; the explanation will save me a remark embarrassing to gallantry, and which I wish to avoid, respecting the beauty of the proper Russian women, at least of those whom I saw. This accomplished woman, in my own language as pure as ever it fell from an English lady's lips, requested some salt; upon my presenting it she said, "Whenever you give salt, never fail to stir; it is a superstitious custom in Russia." A smile in this country considered as a charm against poison. Heavens! surely they have not to learn that

"A man may smile, may smile, and be a villain."

They have a beautiful proverbial expression:

"Banter, but never make the cheek red."

Nature has less to do with climate than literary gossips suppose, at least I thought so when I committed the following blunder: "You never saw my Sophinka before," said Madame L— pointing to a fine little girl at table, about ten years of age. "She is your daughter, I presume?" "Madame L—'s daughter!" exclaimed a gentleman, "surely that cannot be, she is more like your sister." The fact was, the child was neither daughter nor sister, but a hired visitor. The result was, that the principal part of Madame L—'s enchanting conversation during dinner was withdrawn from me, and addressed to the gentleman whose error was the most fortunate. After a few glasses of delicious wines, champagne included, the lady rises, and the company retires to coffee in the drawing-room. The rooms of respectable houses are never papered, but where the sides are not covered with silk or cotton, they are colored in a brilliant and beautiful manner to resemble papering. In this act the natives are uncommonly tasteful and rapid.

If you think twice before you speak once, you will speak twice the better for it.

THE PHILADELPHIA INVITATION.

[At Philadelphia, particularly among the Quakers, it is customary, on the death of a friend, to send messengers all through the city, to invite the inhabitants to the funeral.]

A Foreigner's Answer to such an Invitation.

AWAY! begone! I'm out of patience
With such preposterous invitations—
When feasting is on foot, you slight us,
And but to funerals invite us!

REPLY.

READ what's in holy writ express'd,
Nor falsely think we slight you,
Though to a funeral, not a feast,
We every day invite you.

"This better" (as the Scriptures show)
To lay aside all feasting,
And to the house of mourning go,
"Than to the house of feasting."

"Sorrow" (the sacred writings add)
Is better far than laughter;
"For, when the countenance is sad,
The heart grows better after."

"Fools only," on vain pleasure bent,
And wisdom's dictates scorn;
"The noisy house of mirth frequent;
Wise men, the house of mourning."

Be you then wise! make no delay,
When we're a corpse to bury;
But from our feasts, pray, keep away,
Nor, like a fool, make merry.
Ecclesiastes, vii, 2, 3, 4.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 5, 1806.

Deaths in this city during the last week of the following diseases.—Consumption 4, convulsions 3, decay 2, dropsy 2, drowned 3, inflammation of the lungs 2, old age 2, small pox 3, suicide by opium 2, casualty, childbed, cholera, cold, putrid fever, typhus fever, hives, inflammation of the liver, mortification of the bowels, palsy, sprue, syphilis, teaching, worms, of each 1. Men 11, Women 8, Boys 12, Girls 7, Total 39.

An attempt was made, at an early hour on Tuesday morning, to set fire to an unoccupied stable belonging to Mr. Beckman, and standing in the rear of the office of the Commercial Advertiser. About day light, some of the family living in the building with the office, discovered considerable smoke issuing from the windows of the stable; and on examining the building they found, in the second story, a large pine box in which had been placed a quantity of straw and straw of fire. The fire had already consumed most of the straw, and had commenced upon the box. Were it not for this timely and accidental discovery, in a few minutes the whole building must have been involved in flames. It is a singular fact that not less than five attempts of this kind have been made on this city, since November last. The two first were made before ten o'clock in the evening, and the fire was extinguished without any material injury.—The third occurred after midnight, entirely destroyed one of the stables, and were it not for the exertions of the citizens in general, must inevitably have consumed the other, together with several adjacent dwellings. The result of the fourth attempt is related above. We are informed that the alarm early on Monday morning was occasioned by fire communicated to a building near Peck-slip, by some unknown incendiary; and it is not yet ascertained whether the destruction of the valuable store in Pine street, on Friday night 27th ult. was the result of accident or design. These reported attempts to create alarm, and to destroy property, call forth the usual attention of our citizens, and the renewed vigilance of our watchmen.

Com. Advertiser.

From the Mercantile Advertiser.

MR. EDITOR,
Much has been said within these few days about a

worm, that is found in the poplar trees; it is reported that a man in Kings county, (or on Long Island some where) was bit by one of those ripper worms in the toe, and expired instantly, that a child (some where) has been bitten and died and that an experiment has been tried on a dog and cat, by letting the worm bite them on the nose, both of which died with strong symptoms of poison—if these things are so, why is it not known who those persons are that have been bitten? or who tried the experiment on the dog & cat? whether those tales are true or false, were a war of extermination is declared against the poplar, and in a few days (if the rage continues, you will see their lofty heads bowed to the earth, and our streets and public walks as naked as they were twenty years ago.

A melancholy circumstance took place in this town on Sunday the 23d ult.—Mr. William Hitchcock, with several young men, went into Connecticut river to bathe; they all attempted to swim to one of the ice-breakers, and had all reached it but Mr. Hitchcock, who they perceived was struggling, and sinking cried out he believed he should go for it, sink and never rose as usual. They all got into the water to swim to his assistance: Cyrus Chapin, more expert and daring than the rest, swam over the place for some time, till he perceived the body on the bottom: he, while in the act of swimming, dove twice in a depth of eight or nine feet of water, and caught Hitchcock by the leg and brought him up. By this time a skiff had reached the place, the body was conveyed to a suitable place and means tried to resuscitate it, but in vain.

Springfield Pap.

Reading. (Penn.) June 7.—On Friday the 30th of May last, between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. John Fisher of Alsace Township, County of Berks, in the 70th year of his age, was killed by Lightning. Mr. Fisher had just ordered his Grand Child from the door, shut the lower part of it and was leaning over it to look out, when he was struck down. He was immediately taken up and carried to a bed, but no signs of life appeared.—He was black from the top down his back to his heels—no very great injury was done to the house except traces were left of the course of the Lightning. It is remarkable, that some time last year a child sitting in the same door, was struck by lightning, and very much scorched, but applying medical aid, in a few days was perfectly restored.

A Richmond paper of the 25th inst. says, "George W. Swinney was, on Monday last, called before the examining court of this city, on the charge of poisoning his great uncle, the venerable George Wythe, and a servant boy. He was unanimously re-sentenced to jail for further trial before the district court to be held in September next."

Alexander Saunders & John Levered,

Having entered into Copartnership, informs their friends and the public, that the business will in future be conducted under the firm of

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

At their manufactory of Leghorn Hats and Bonnets, No. 104 Maiden-lane,

Where they offer for Sale, on moderate terms: 24 boxes Leghorn Hats, just received via Boston Willow and Kane Squares, assorted Leghorn Bonnets, of all sizes and qualities Ditto, Gypsie Hats do Men's Leghorn Hats, green under Straw Lace, Cords, and Tassels American and English covered Wire, With a general and elegant assortment of articles in the MILLINERY LINE, by wholesale only.

COURT OF HYMEN.

THE lovely creature called a WIFE,
Will soften all the cares of life;
And, on the dread departing day,
Will shew the soul its heavenly way.

MARRIED.

On Thursday last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. H. Greenell, to Miss Sophy Cooper, daughter of Major Samuel Cooper, all of this city.

Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. John Adams (of the house of Clendenen, and Adams) to Miss Ann Glover, daughter of the late John G. Glover, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Harris, Mr. Lloyd Davis Windsor, of Birmingham (England) to Miss Sarah Hinton of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Capt. Joseph Burnett, to Miss Margaret Farrington. On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Thomas Mispole, to Miss Mary Chalmers, both of this city.

On the 29th ult by the Rev. John Williams, Mr. David Anderson, to Miss Christiana Andrews, both of this city.

On Friday evening 27th ult by the Rev. G. Seixas, Mr. Solomon Moses, to Miss Rachael Grantz, daughter of Michael Grantz, Esq. of Philadelphia. On the 27th ult by the Rev. Dr. Abel, Mr. Josiah C. Hook, to Miss Eliza Henrietta Schmetz, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. John Bell, to Miss Phoebe Allen, daughter of Mr. Wm. Allen, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Joseph S. Webb, jun. to Miss Mary Moore, both of this city.

At New-Brunswick, on Thursday, 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cook, Mr. Simon Mundy, to Miss Isabella Carman.—At Essex, in this state, Mr. Charles C. Platt, of Plattsburgh, to Miss Eliza Ross, daughter of Judge Ross.

MORTALITY.

"To this complexion all must come at last!"

DIED.

On Saturday morning last, William Walton, Esq. of this city.

On the 13th inst. on his passage from Laguna, for this port, William Dawson late master of the ship Olive.

On the 23d ult in the 61st year of his age, Dr. William Catcher.

At his plantation near Charleston, Benjamin Webb, Esq.

On the 27th ult. Miss Dornin, daughter of Mr. Bernard Dornin, Bookseller.

At Philadelphia, Mrs. Margretta Kitts, wife of the late Col. Kitts.

At Philadelphia, suddenly, on the 26th ult. Captain Michael Marwan, formerly Aid de Camp to General Dumourier, in the service of the Republic of France. He has left a widow and children in or near New-York.

In Paris, M. Isaac Bere Bing, distinguished among the learned by several literary works and translations.

M. Victor Comeras, Grand Vicar of Beauvais, distinguished as the author of several voyages and travels.

In London, Sir Hyde Parker. Alderman Skinner, and Sir Richard Ford.

In Germany, M. Miched Viete De Eskens, the most celebrated Hungarian poet.

In Southampton, (Eng.) Mr. John Tucker, fisherman, aged, 131.

Just Published, and For Sale at this Office,

A Geographical CHART of the U. STATES; or, a comprehensive view of the most interesting particulars, relative to the Geograph of North-America.

MRS. TODD'S,

TEA-STORE—No. 68, JOHN-STREET.

Where may be had a general assortment of the best Teas—also, Sugar, Coffee, Spices, &c. &c.

May 10, 1805.

803—d

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE TIMES.

Consist and laugh at the times,
Since folly was never so ripe;
For every one laughs at those rhymes,
Which gives his own follies a wipe.

We live in a kind of disguise,
We flatter, we lie and protest,
While each of us craftily tries,
On the other to fasten the jest.

The maid when, first she is wooed,
Returns every sigh with disdain;
And while by her lover pursued,
Can laugh at his folly and pain;

But when from her innocence won,
And doom'd for her virtue to mourn;
When she finds herself lost and undone,
He can laugh at the fool in his turn!

The fools at law do contend,
Do laugh at each other's distress;
And while the dire suit does depend,
Ne'er think that their fortunes grow less.

Till tired by tedious expense,
And still to compound they are loath;
But they find when restored to their sense,
That the lawyers are laughing at both.

And since then we find, 'tis the fashion,
From one fool to laugh at his brother,
Let us try with a generous compassion,
To correct not condemn one another;

We all have some follies to hide,
Which known would dishonour the best,
And life when it's thoroughly tried,
Will seem but a bubble and jest.

YOUNG CORDON, a forward blade,
The offspring of a squire,
Addressed a lovely blooming maid
Whose father was a dyer.

"A dyer's daughter!" cries his dad,
"What, marry her! O fie!"
Why not, sir, says the homestead;
You know we all must dye.

THE FIERY ORDEAL.

TOWARDS the end of the Greek Empire at Constantinople, a General, who was urged to undergo the fiery proof of the Ordeal by an Archbishop, a subtle courtier. The ceremony was this: three days before the trial the patient's arm was inclosed in a bag, and secured by the royal sigil; he was expected to bear a red hot ball of iron, three times, from the altar to the rails of the sanctuary, without artifice and injury. The General shuddered the experiment with pleasure. "I am a soldier," said he, "and will boldly enter the lists with my accusers; but a layman, a sinner like myself is not endowed with the gift of miracles. Your piety, holy prelate, may deserve the interposition of heaven, and from your hands I will receive the fiery globe, the test of my innocence." The Archbishop started, the Emperor smiled, and the General was pardoned.

ANECDOTE.

An Irishman, in the warmth of national veneration, was praising Ireland for the cheapness of provisions; a salmon might be bought for *apence*, and a dozen haddock for *one penny*.—"And, say, Sir, how came you to leave so cheap a country?"—"Ah! honey, where were the *apence* and *one penny* to be got?"

Just Published.

By J. OSBORN,
AT HIS LIBRARY, 13 PARK, (Price 3s 1d.)

A VERY NEAT EDITION OF LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY, ON A COURSE OF ENGLISH POETRY.

"A Kinder task could not have been undertaken for the benefit of the rising generation, than that of pointing out those portions of English Poetry most deserving the attention of a young lady, the characteristic excellencies and defects of each writer, and the order of reading best adapted to form a correct and unbiased taste. The reputation of Dr. Aikin, as a judicious and impartial critic, is such as will inspire his fair pupils with respect and confidence, and the public voice will probably echo our assurance, that they could not have found a safer or more pleasing guide through the flowery paths of poetry."

Again—"With regard to execution, its style is marked with the clearness, nervous conciseness, and easy elegance, of the writer."—*Am. Rev. Vol. II.*
"Dr Aikin's literary popularity is well merited. The unaffected purity of his style, the judicious precision of his taste, the benevolence of his morality, sought to endear his production to the parent and to the pupil. To the readers of English poetry, these letters will form a welcome present. They will recall to notice, and prompt a re-perusal of many excellent and instructive pieces. They will abridge the labour of the novice, by teaching where to skip. They will embolden the incipient critic, who finds, on consultation, his sympathies corroborated. They may peruse, what is much wanted both for foreign and domestic circulation, an Anthology of our minor poets, from which the weeds of Parnassus should be thrown aside for ever."—*Crit. Review Third Series, Vol. I.*

"If the knowledge and taste of Dr. Aikin, in the poetry of his country, had not already been proved by various publications, these letters would alone suffice to display those qualifications in a very favourable light. By the easiest and most judicious steps he conducts his fair pupil (whom, by the mode of address, we should suppose to be some near relation) through every class of English poetry; explaining the nature and peculiarities of each, and illustrating his remarks by the most apposite citations."

Again—"Dr Aikin's letters will doubtless have the honour of introducing many elegant females to a just acquaintance with the English poets."—*British Critic, Vol. XXV.*

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

PRICE 75 CENTS.

By J. OSBORN, at his Library 13 Park, a new and excellent work, entitled, "THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED," by the Rev. John Owen, dedicated to Bishop Porteus.

This very valuable little work, has, within a short period, been five times printed in London, and is thus recommended by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, (author of "An Introduction to a knowledge of the best editions of the Greek and Latin classics") in his translation of Fenelon on the education of Daughters.

"I recommend the sensible mother, who has really the happiness of her daughters at heart, to peruse and re-peruse the excellent observations on this head, which are to be found in a little pamphlet, lately published by the Rev. Mr. Owen, entitled, *Fashionable World Displayed*."

July 5, 18.

MARTIN RABBESON,

At his wholesale Umbrella Manufactory, No. 34, Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-Street, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the above manufactory extensively, and sells Umbrellas and Parasols, in the greatest variety, wholesale and retail. Ladies wishing to purchase handsome Parasols, may always have the choice out of one hundred doz.

N. B. A number of Gals wanted to sew umbrellas, or to nett fringes.

June 14.

904—3m.

MILITIA LAW.

This Day is Published, and For Sale at this Office, and also at the Book-Store of John Tiebout, No. 283, Water-Street, the Law to regulate the Militia of this State. It is highly necessary that every Private should be in possession of the above.

MR. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth, upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so seat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most casual. His method also of cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ach, his Treatise has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting Carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTI-CORRUPTIVE TOOTH-POWDER, an elegant and valuable preparation of his own, from Chemical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced and assume a firm and natural healthy red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delicate sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth-ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane, July 13, 1805. 804 tf.

RICHARD MULHERAN,

Has for sale at his store, No. 12 Peck-Slip, a neat assortment of dry goods, consisting of superfine Cloths, second &c. pattern and common Cassimeres, Pattern Cordes, Flannels, Dimities, Linens, Brown Hollands, Nankeens, Bandano Handkerchiefs, Mammolies, Moss Sammas, Garrals, white and black thread Laces, Calicoes, checked Leno, Leno Veils, white and coloured Cambric Mullins, India Mullin Mullins, Silk Shawls, and a variety of other goods, which he will sell on reasonable terms for Cash.

May 3,

805—tf.

BOOK-STORE—No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

Just received, in addition to our usual assortment, a variety of new publications, among which are, the Power of Religion on the Mind, in Retirement, Affliction, and at the approach of Death—A short system of Polite Learning, being an Epitome on the Arts and Sciences—Marriot's Poems—Original Poems—Also, Carr's Northern Summer, with a variety of Children's Books too tedious to enumerate.

PLAYS,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Mountaineers, West Indian, False Shame, Polly at it Flies, Edwin & Angelina, Way to get Married, Count of Burgundy, Signs of the Daughter, Love's Fractions, Deserted Daughter, Stranger, Self Immolation, Widow of Malabar, Jew, or Benevolent Heir, Rural Felicity, Tell Truth & Shame the Devil, Procuration, or the Hovel on the Rock, Father, or American Shandyism. &c. &c. &c.

THE ENGLISH NUN.

Just Published, and For Sale at this Office,

A New and entertaining Novel,

ENTITLED

THE ENGLISH NUN;

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SORROWS OF EDWARD & LOUISE.

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